

The Last Sayings

M O U S E

Lately starved in a **CUPBOARD**.

As they were taken, in Short-Hand, by a **RAV-CATCHER**,
who lifted at the Key-hole of the Cup-board Door.

Wretch that I am! — and is it come to This?
O short continuance of Earthly Bliss!

Did I for this, forsake my Country, Ease,
My Liberty, my Bacon, Beans, and Pease?

Call ye me This the **Breeding of the Town**,

Which my young Master brag'd when he came down?

Fool that I was! — I heard my Father say,

(A **Reverend Mouse** he was, and his Beard gray.)

Young Hunt-crum, mark me well, you needs must come

And leave me and your Mother here at home.

Great is your **Spirit**, at high food you aim,

But have a care — believe not lying Fame.

Vast Bodies oft are mov'd by slender Springs,

And great: **Men**, and great **Tables** are **wagging**.

After myself all that not **Gold** that shines,

He that looks **always** fat, not **always** dines.

For I have seen **One** **On** a **laid** **Cloth**,

And at the same time **heard** his **Belly** **croak**.

By sad Experience now I find too well

Old **Hunt-crum** was an **arrant** **Sidrophel**,

And must I **die**? and is there **no** **Relief**?

No **Cheese**, though I give over thoughts of **Beef**?

Where is grave **Madge**, and brisk **Grimalkin** now?

Before whose **Set** our **Race** was wont to bow!

No

No Owl, no Cat to end my woful dayes?
 No Gresham Engine my lean Corps to squeeze?
 I'd rather fall to Foes a noble Prey,
 Than squeek my Soul out under Lock and Key.
 What's This? -- a pissing Candle's latter end?
 My dear-belov'd Countrey-Save-all Friend?
 Thou dreadful Emblem of Mortality,
 Inglorious Affront to Life and me!
 O barbarous Drollery of my cruel Fate!
 This shadow of a Comfort comes too late!
 I faint -- What's this? a Wafer? --- Good again!
 What mean the Fates thus to prolong my pain?
 Though Mice of greater Quality than I
 Can eat such things, and be content to dye,
 Give me a morsel of good Bread, I cry.
 And you my Brethren Mice, if any be
 As yet untary'd, in all our Family,
 From your ~~Woful Retreats~~, rise and appear, I say,
 To you, or to your Ghosts, I now draw near.
 To my original Dust I haste apace,
 Observe my hollow Eyes, and meager Face,
 And learn from me the sad Rieverle of Fate,
 'Tis better to be Innocent than Great.
 Good Conscience and Belies full, say I,
 Exceeds the Pomp that onely feeds the Eye:
 Farewel --- You see (my Friends) that knew me once
 Pamper'd and smother'd, reduc'd to skin and bones,
 Poor as a Church-mouse! -- O I faint! I dye!
 Fly, fly from ~~Cur~~ in shape of Famine, fly
 Whilst at my Death my Ambition rage.
 In this my Cup-board and my Coffin too,
 Farewel to Victuals, Creams, and to You. I say,
 No Choke though I give over thoughts of Bed,
 Where is grave Manks, and brisk O'man's bed?

Printed for S. P. Q. L. 1681